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Of the two centers of Bororo habitation situated, one to the northwest of Cuiabá and the other east-southeast of the same city, the second today is made up of three groups of native villages: those of the middle and upper São Lourenço, provided with residents of the Service de Protection des Indiens /Indian Protection Service/, those of the Garças River, in the diamantiferous region, supervised by the Salesian missions, and lastly the three aldées /villages/ of Kejara, Pobori, and Jarudori on the Río Vermelho, a tributary on the left bank of the upper São Lourenço, which have been less directly affected by religious and administrative influences. We stayed in the most important of them, the Kejara aldeia, during Janauary-February, 1936, at the time when the rainy season completely isolates the natives from the rare contacts which they are able to have at other times of the year with the Brazilian population; besides, the latter, never very numerous, some time ago completely evacuated the region, where material and sanitary conditions seem particularly unfavorable. Aside from two telegraph operators, only a few families of fishermen, leprous for the most part, live only on the banks of the rivers.

Kejara aldeia occupies a wide, partly natural clearing on the left bank of the Río Vermelho right on the riverbank and is bound on the south, west, and east by red sandstone escarpments. Native gardens—manioc, maize, and rice—extend for several hundred meters all around the village, closely mingled with the forest or brushwood which is beginning to come up again. Across them, as across the village, freely wander some hens and ducks, presents of the Protection Service, which live today in a half-wild state and /270/ have to be shot with the bow to be caught. In January-February, 1936, Kejara aldeia comprised, in addition to the "men's house," 27 houses, /each/ inhabited for the most part by several families. The total population, impossible to evaluate in a precise fashion—part of the village is constantly away, some fishing, some hunting, and some either visiting or on a mission to other native villages, amounted to approximately 140 people, the number of women being less than that of men,

2:Lowie E-4 (no date) 1946 SP8 Bororo SP8

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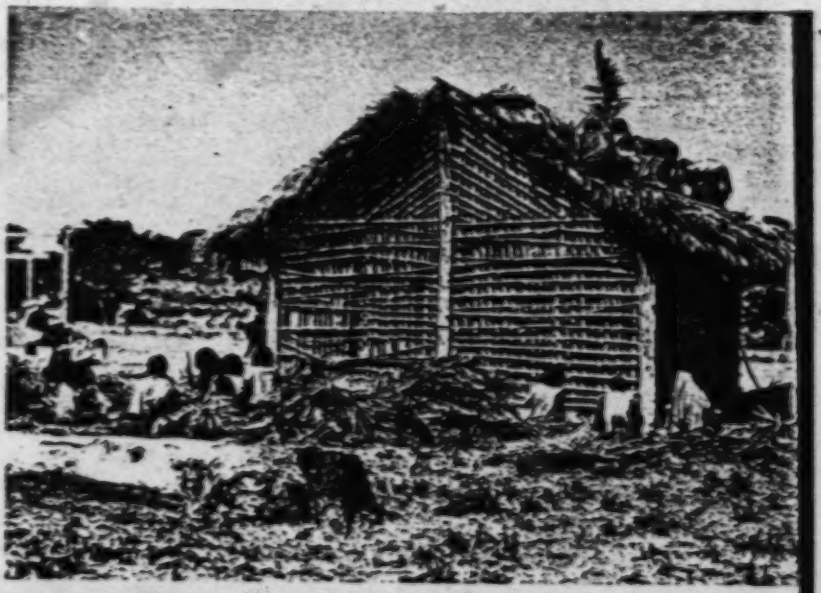

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PLATE II.—Bororo houses. Top: São Lourenço Bororo house. Bottom: Bororo de Cruzeiro village.
(Courtesy University Museum, Philadelphia.)

[p. 432-B]

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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The Basin of a Primeval Lake, where the Rio Vermelho takes its rise, now the site of a Primitive Forest.

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Eating Christmas Dinner.

[Facing p. 354]

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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measures of them had massed themselves upon our saddle blankets, and upon whatever else took their fancy. They did not bite, but lit upon us and dragged themselves, worm-like, over our flesh, down our necks and up under our hats, into our eyes, ears, noses and mouths, and dropped by threes and fours into our food as we were taking a mouthful. To kill them had no effect in reducing their numbers, and it was impossible to escape them. When crushed, their bodies exhaled an offensive effluvium, or a nauseating taste, if masticated. We were therefore compelled to make haste in preparing and eating our food, else we would have been driven nearly to madness. We were told that there are places where it is almost impossible to take food during daylight because of these pests.

Our route led us more and more into primeval forests, where, in the eternal shadows, we were completely engulfed in the endless masses of thorny, tangled undergrowth, dripping with water. Though my companion had previously cut a trail through here, it was largely taken possession of again by the forest; therefore, we were continually curried and harrowed from head to foot, and had to perform constantly acrobatic feats, or practice rough riding, in order to escape being dragged from our horses, while our clothing reverted rapidly to lint, and big, ugly *carapatos* clung to our boots by dozens. Moreover, hornets had built their nests, Chinese-lantern-like, thickly along the trail; and when we disturbed these nests—for we were seldom aware of their presence until we had disturbed them—the infuriated insects invariably inspired our beasts with renewed energy, besides touching us up a little. Therefore, owing to these and other reasons, we sometimes finished the day's march feeling exhausted and low spirited.

One day, as we emerged from the woods into an open swail, we came suddenly upon a family of eight rheas—an old father and mother and six children. They squatted first into the grass to hide themselves, but conscious at once that they were not sufficiently hidden, they sprang up again on their long legs and made off rapidly, the old folk hanging in the rear until the children were safe.

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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The same day, we descended through the forest into a deep, narrow valley, then up the precipitous side of a mountain having six or seven terraces, descending, finally, into the basin of the Rio Vermelho, which is covered by a dense forest, and passing close to an immense rock called the Tower of Antonico, which rises vertically to a height of five or six hundred feet. We were ascending and descending and cutting our way all day, encountering everywhere the beaten runways of wild beasts, such as tapirs, pigs, capibaras and jaguars.

About evening, we arrived at another small encampment of the Bororó by the Rio Vermelho. As we approached the cluster of huts, we were greeted by a volley of *college yells*, or war-whoops, given by the Bororó in honor of their two fellow tribesmen, who were accompanying us, and of my companion. We remained here until morning, passing the night in one of the savage huts. It was littered with rubbish, but we got the natives to clean up a little, then to sprinkle some clean sand around on the ground. This work was done by the females.

This was an extremely wild appearing spot. The somewhat open space in which the few primitive residences were clustered, was shaggy with a low growth of bushes and trees, and hemmed in closely on all sides by a dense, unbroken virgin forest; while in seemingly perfect harmony with these savage, austere, though wildly picturesque surroundings, were the nude, brightly painted, uncouth appearing human beings who existed here, their long, black, gum-matted hair flowing over their shoulders. One could not fail to be profoundly impressed when contemplating the strange, awe-inspiring picture of these children of Nature nestling, like Adams and Eves and their progenies, in the bosom of wild, unsubdued Mother Nature, exceedingly remote from civilization and almost as untouched by it as the Cave Dwellers. The red, earth-charged torrent of the Rio Vermelho flowed through and added to the wild beauty of this Paradise of Nature. It was at hightide at the time of our visit, and many varieties of excellent fish sported in shoals in its turbid waters. The

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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CHAPTER XXXVI.

FOLLOWING THE WILD MAN'S TRAIL.—LIFE IN A SAVAGE CLUB-HOUSE.—FLOATING DOWN THE RIO POGÚBU.

WHILE we had our headquarters near the Ta Dare Mano Paro village, we made a visit to the Kogi au Paro village of the same tribe some twenty miles distant.

We followed a trail used only by the savages, and over which no civilized man had ever before passed. It led largely through a forest which was so dense in many places, that the trail was like an opening through a thick hedge, or through a wall. This opening was just large enough to permit the naked wild man to pass comfortably. But we were mounted on mules, and had one mule carrying two boxes containing our cooking outfit and food. Consequently, we had to make the hole larger on all sides. Even after our muleteer, who led the way on foot, had enlarged the opening, we were compelled to practice rough riding continually to avoid being raked off our beasts, or having our limbs crushed. Besides, our passage was barred by many deep ravines, gulches, washouts and streams, the banks of which were often nearly vertical. Our mules were experts in descending the banks, for they would bunch up their feet, like mountain goats, and slide down. But, in many cases, they were unable to climb out on the other side until we had dug steps with a grubbing-hoe. There was often deep water in these places. We also encountered at nearly every step great bunches of wild pine-

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

122 apple plants, to touch which was like running into a barbed-
[137] wire fence, for one's clothes would be torn and the flesh lacerated. This plant hooks into whatever touches it, even piercing one's boots. Moreover, swarms of flies of many
[136] varieties, the bites of which cause itching wounds, pursued us constantly; while various kinds of wood-ticks, some of which are nearly as large as the potato beetle, fastened themselves upon us. This insect has a fearful head-gear, but, somehow, one is never aware of its presence until it has taken firm hold; then if one tries to remove it by force, either its head will be left buried in the flesh, or a piece of flesh will be torn out. To add to our discomfiture, the heat was intense, and our thirst so insatiable that we wished our throats were mill-races.

We expected to have reached the Kogi au Paro village in one day, but so much time was consumed in enlarging the opening through the forest that we were still in the middle of the woods when night overtook us. Therefore, we suspended our hammocks under the trees, prepared and ate our supper, and tried to make ourselves comfortable for the night, hoping to secure restful sleep for we were excessively fatigued from struggling through the vegetable walls and entanglements. But in planning for a peaceful night, we had not reckoned with animate Nature. Animate Nature does not limit a day's work to eight or ten hours. In the Brazilian wilder-
122 nesses she labors twenty-four hours each day. The "day
136 gangs" of insects that persecuted us had scarcely retired from the field when the "night gangs" came on. The mosquitoes came in swarms, of all sizes and capacities, ready for every kind of work. Some of them were so small that they could fly through our mosquito netting with extended wings, but they could bite out of all proportion to their size. The ants were also in evidence. When the mosquitoes drove me out of my hammock and I set my feet on the ground, I stepped among army corps of foraging ants which swarmed over my feet, biting, or stinging, as they ran. Fleeing from them in the inky darkness, I accidently brushed my hand against a coat

361 some distance before casting ourselves into the current.
[122] Missing the landing place, there was great danger of our losing, not only our effects, but our lives as well.

We found the cluster of huts situated about one mile back from the river, and in the heart of the densest and most impassable upland tangle that I have ever seen. The trees
[137] were fifty feet high and less, and almost numerous enough to form a thick forest, while below them, the whole country was overgrown by a terrible jungle of bushes, briars and coarse grass. A small, circular space, like a gigantic nest, had been cleared in the center of this forbidding thicket, in which fifteen or twenty palm-branch huts clustered in the usual disorder.
[487] This wild man's lair was approached by a serpentine path just wide enough to allow men to pass in single file. The village was hidden away in this manner in order that its position might not be known to enemies, or that it might be very difficult to assault.

122 We were conducted at once to the great hut, where we
345 were entertained while in the village, and in one corner of which we suspended our hammocks and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. But we found this a hot, stuffy, ill-smelling *hotel*, and in addition, the mosquitoes were very numerous and industrious.

622 As soon as we were settled, we asked to see the chief man of the village, who appeared. He was six feet tall, well proportioned, intelligent and dignified, and the finest appearing Bororó I had seen. He seemed to have more real authority, too, than any Bororó captain I had met. The Bororó have
622 no tribal chief. Each village governs itself, independently,
624 having a few elderly men who are captains, in a way, by reason of seniority, in whom the chief authority is vested. But their powers, and the obedience rendered them, seem to be variable and uncertain. A strong character may arise from time to time, and by favoring circumstances, reach a position where he may command the entire obedience of his village. But ordinarily, the chief men do not appear to possess much real authority, individually. Of course, when they go